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TOM IS DEAD.

OM is dead.

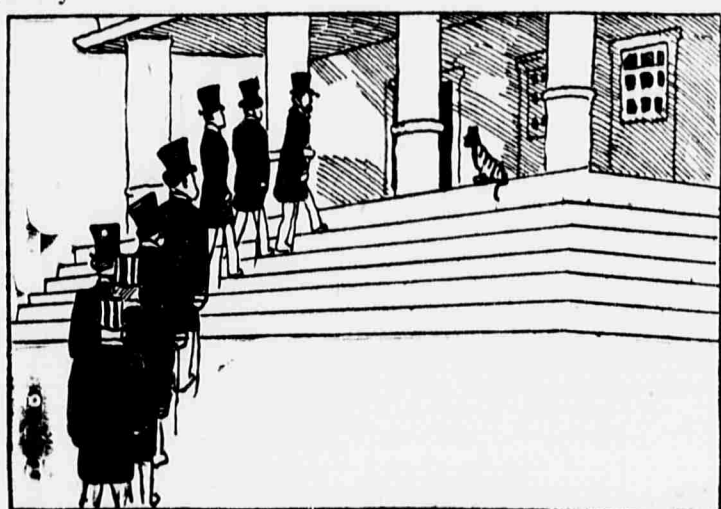
Tom was the official City Hall cat. He lived with Marty Keyes in one of the best apartments of the city, which is the rooms on the City Hall roof. Nights he caught the City Hall rats. Days he chased the birds in the City Hall Park.

Twenty years ago, when Abram S. Hewitt was Mayor and Tom was a kitten, he appeared and took possession of the City Hall. In color he was yellowish brown with white stripes.

All the Tammany men who knew of Tom's taking up a residence in the City Hall regarded it as a presage that the next Mayor would be a Tammany man, and he was, because at the next election Hugh J. Grant defeated both Mayor Hewitt and Joel B. Erhardt in a three-cornered fight.

Fed by Marty Keyes, Tom grew to the full stature of cathood. He became sleek and prosperous, but he did not relax his vigilance and he was jealous of any intruder. No other cat could live in the City Hall. When one stray cat tried to sleep in the corridors Tom killed it, and with his vigilant claws he kept other cats as well as the rats away.

During the two terms of Hugh J. Grant and the one term of Thomas F. Gilroy, William L. Strong, Robert A. Van Wyck and Seth Low and George B. McClellan's two terms Tom has been the official cat of this city.



In Mayor Strong's day, before Mayor McClellan moved the Mayor's desk into an inside room with the doors guarded by police, Tom used to sit on the official desk and watch the public and politicians come and go.

Old age came to Tom several years ago. Its first sign was deafness. Then his sight failed and at last the Humane Society took him away to be chloroformed.

Tom lived in a political atmosphere, and how like a politician's life was his!

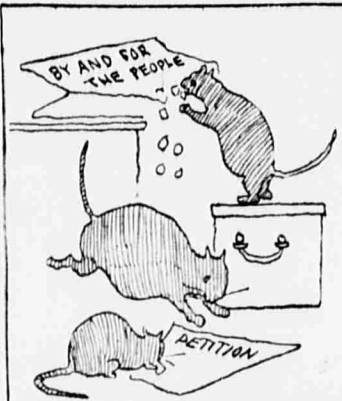
The politician begins as a young man, usually poor. He gains a place in the political world by fighting for it. He downs his competitors as Tom downed rival cats. He preys upon what birds may come his way. He prowls at night. He increases in prosperity, power and wealth until his vigor fails.

Most politicians are not so fortunate as Tom to have Keeper Marty Keyes look after him and see that he is fed in old age.

Just as Tom's demise was assisted by the Humane Society, so the demise of most politicians comes through public efforts.

Tom the cat lasted longer than many a Tom the politician.

Of the seven Mayors whom he guarded from rats, how many of them are in politics to-day? How many of them would be applauded if their names were presented to a convention? How many citizens could give the full names and the years of the mayoralties which Tom witnessed? Cats come and go, and so do politicians.



Letters from the People.

Post-Fourth Firecrackers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In spite of Birmingham's orders, an occasional firecracker is still heard in our streets, both day and night, even long after the Fourth is luckily past. Cheer up, citizens! We've an efficient police force.
ZENRO.

Come On, Ye Meat Trusters!

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Come on, ye meat trusters, or ye glad-lators of political economy! Give me your arguments in defense of the fabulous prices that the Meat Trust quotes! I can refute you. A quite pertinent question, this! F. M. S.

A Wheel Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
If a wheel 2 feet in diameter makes 2,500 revolutions in a minute, how many revolutions would a wheel four inches in diameter make in a minute, and how far would each go respectively? LEADER.
COLORADO, Belmar, N. J.

Apply to Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I apply in regard to securing a patent for a game? I do not know whether the game already exists. This is what I wish to find out.
J. F. R.

Mysterious Montclair.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I visited Montclair, N. J., the other evening. I asked four different residents how to get to Orange road as prominent street there. All four gave me different directions. I asked three others how to reach Highland avenue.

None of the three gave the same for correct answer. What is the matter with that beautiful but peculiar suburb? In most other towns everybody knows "where is where." At Montclair no one seems to. Reaching Orange road and Bloomfield avenue that night and wishing for a car to take me to near the top of the hill, I was forced to wait from 12:01 to 12:45 for it. Are the foregoing cases typical, Montclairites? Speak up. I'd hate to think so, for it's a dandy-looking town.
P. CLAVERES.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is the son of foreign born parents (and son born in America) eligible to become President of the United States?
C. C. L.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it possible that a President of the United States should be elected having fewer popular votes than his defeated opponent?
W. R.

Yes. When Harrison defeated Cleveland for the Presidency in 1890 Cleveland had the larger popular vote, but Harrison received the larger electoral vote.

High Rents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read that rents are going up in Manhattan apartment houses. This is exactly hard upon us middle classes. I'm for a political party that will give us reasonable rents and reasonable prices for food and clothes. Such a party, if it existed, would sweep the land. Is the idea too practical, readers, for statement to our wise?
RENTPAYER.

Lilian Bell

—Tells—
How to Cook Men.

In These Dishes a Lover and a Husband Are Served Up.



SOME women are born cooks; some achieve cooks; some have cooking thrust upon them. We may live without poetry, music and art. We may live without conscience and live without heart. We may live without friends, but we may live without books. But civilized men cannot live without cooks.

In the cooking of man, most women are so intuitive that they need no advice. Others like to have advice in order that they may ignore it, and thus prove their superiority to their adviser. And as a feeling of superiority is very comforting, you may have it and welcome. Nevertheless, I place the following unpretentious recipes at your service:

To Cook a Lover.

This dish is often called a gold cake and the best kind has a ring in it. The fire need not be steady, as too much sameness is bad for it. Sugar and all kinds of sweets are plentifully added in the mixing. But if too much is accidentally used and you see that it is unduly puffed up, season with thyme, which, though bitter, is useful. This cake should be rich and spicy to prove mutually satisfactory. Too much attention should not be paid to it during the cooking. For this reason some advise you to have several in the oven at once. Other cooks consider that this involves more risk than is necessary, although the cooking of this dish is proverbially uncertain. If it shows unmistakable signs of perfection, garnish with kisses and serve without capers.

To Cook a Husband.

In all climates, except Sioux Falls, this dish, when properly cooked, will last a long time. Do not roast; nor is it good when in a stew; but cook with gentleness. Have a good, even fire of love, unselfishness and much patience. Be sure there is no jealousy nor suspicion, as this invariably causes the fire to flare up and scorch your dish. Do not skewer nor pin in any way, as it is so tender when properly cooked as to render this unnecessary, as well as dangerous both to the dish and the cook. Keep it gently stirred all the time. Do not put in all the sweetening to begin with, but use it with discretion until it is done.

Don't Watch Too Closely.

This dish is not apt to boil over unless you watch it too closely. The fashion of using wine and nicotine in the home cooking of a husband, and then adding cloves to keep the fumes from spreading, cannot be too strongly discouraged, and the neighbors say it cannot be done. If it parches easily, use plenty of water and soft drinks. Do not try with a fork to see if it is done. You can tell whether it is tender in better ways than this. Serve according to the Golden Rule and without sauce.

A Point of Agreement.

TWO men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political discussion. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had a remarkable flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze. "And now," the speaker pompously continued, "perhaps you will coincide with me."

The other's face brightened up. "Why, yes, thanks, old man," he answered heartily, moving toward the barroom door. "Don't care if I do."

The Finishing Touches.

By "Scar."



Mr. Jarr Carries a Big Watermelon Home, Only to Find There's a Bigger One in the Ice Box

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I DON'T see why we don't have more vegetables these hot months," grumbled Mr. Jarr at breakfast. "I wish you wouldn't be always finding fault when the children are at the table!" said Mrs. Jarr. "How can we expect them to have any manners, after the example you set them?" "Is it bad manners to ask a simple question?" asked Mr. Jarr. "You know I am right about what I say concerning vegetables. This sort of weather we shouldn't eat anything but vegetables and fruit."

"I'm sure you would go a long way before you'd find a better onion omelette than this," replied Mrs. Jarr. "How do you expect me to keep a girl when you don't appreciate her good cooking? I haven't any vegetables and fruit because I can't get any fruit but bananas and, anyway, a nice onion omelette is just the same as fruit and vegetables. Eggs are called hen fruit and onions are a vegetable."

It was too warm to contradict this statement, which was partly true, but Mr. Jarr wanted to know why fruit and vegetables couldn't be obtained. "Because everything has burned up in the hot weather we've been having lately," said Mrs. Jarr. "The vegetable man told me he wouldn't sell me what he had. The peaches are all parched in the pod and the beans are hard and wilted and the green corn isn't good and the berries are all gone. That's why!"

"There's lots of fruit at Washington Market. I'll bet I could get some," growled Mr. Jarr. "Well, you do it, then," said Mrs. Jarr. "You are downtown. You don't expect me to go downtown marketing, do you?"

This occurring to Mr. Jarr later in the day, he resolved to go over to Washington Market on his way home and show Mrs. Jarr what a little intelligently directed effort would do. At the market there was plenty of fruit and vegetables, but Mr. Jarr didn't like the looks of it. There were Georgia peaches, but Mr. Jarr remembered they could be obtained uptown. Blackberries were not in, and all the other berries were not very good.

A slice or two of luscious red watermelon standing on

the counter attracted Mr. Jarr's attention. The very sight of it, cool and dripping, made his mouth water.

"Are they all like that?" Mr. Jarr asked the dealer. The dealer assured him they were even better than that. "I can guarantee you," said the dealer, "that I'll pick one and prove it to you!" He plucked one and proved it. It was the biggest one in the lot, and the price was 70 cents.

Mr. Jarr purchased it and the dealer wrapped a large sheet of paper around it and tied it, assuring him that computers carried them thus to the uttermost wilds of Jersey. But Mr. Jarr didn't go two blocks toward the subway before the paper came off.

"Hey, she's slipping!" yelled a passing truckman. It wasn't slipping, but a cold sweat broke out on Mr. Jarr's brow. He could have sworn it WAS slipping.

"Say, mister, let her fall!" cried a small boy, and he, with several loud and dirty-faced companions, followed Mr. Jarr with jeers to Broadway, leading him to let it fall. As he staggered down the steps with the burden that now seemed to weigh a ton, they let fly banana peels and gravel and other impediments at him and quit him with cries of "Stingy!"

"You've got a nifty business dat ting on me ear at de two hour!" snarled the guard. "Whyn't chu wear it sent home, papa?"

"You let me on here or I'll bet you'll lose your job!" yelled Mr. Jarr. And he stood at the back with the watermelon by his feet.

"Don't get gay, now; don't get gay!" said the guard. "You're too mean to buy one home and let a poor peddler make trouble!"

A few stations further up and the car was jammed. A horde of shoppers standing at the door, seeing Mr. Jarr guarding his treasure from the feet of a newswoman with a bundle of papers, commenced to snicker and remark that they wished they had some one to bring them home a watermelon.

Mr. Jarr got the melon off safely at his station, but tripped going up the stairs. He held on and brained his arms and shins, but the watermelon was intact. At his corner his grocer asked him what he gave for it. "Fifty cents," lied Mr. Jarr unblushingly. "Got 'em bigger for 40 cents," said the grocer.

He got it through the door and up the stairs to his flat, hot, tired, angry.

"What a watermelon!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "Why, I've had one in the ice-box all day!"

Mr. Jarr gave a howl of rage and tossed the melon down the stairs.

No, he was as sober as a judge.

Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 13—HENRY V. AND CATHERINE OF FRANCE.

A RECKLESS, daredevil boy chanced to meet—and to fall in love with—a half-starved, ill-dressed girl about five hundred years ago. Because the boy happened to be a prince and the girl a princess that same love affair led to a series of terrible wars and to the conquering and final losing of a great nation. The boy was "Mad Prince Hal," son of King Henry IV. of England. The girl was Princess Catherine, daughter of insane King Charles, of France. Unlike most royal marriages, theirs was a genuine love match. Nor did "the course of true love" run smooth.

"Mad Prince Hal's" wild pranks had led the English to tremble for their kingdom's welfare in the event of his coming to the throne. Yet when, in 1413, he succeeded his father as King, he sobered down as by magic and proved himself a wise, able ruler. Almost his first act after becoming King Henry V. was to ask the hand of Princess Catherine in marriage. He had seen but little of the Princess; yet he had learned to love her, and he sent for her at once to share his crown. But by his counselors' advice he also asked that he receive (as her dowry) the provinces in France that had in bygone years been captured by England and that were now French territory once more. The French Government angrily refused to grant these terms. Not at all discouraged, Henry resolved to win the Princess and the provinces as well. So, declaring he had a hereditary right to the French throne, he declared war on France, and in 1415 invaded that country.

He could not have chosen a better time for his attack. The King of France was insane (playing cards are said to have been invented to amuse this crazy monarch), and the kingdom was rent by two warring factions. Princess Catherine had been sadly neglected and had had a wretched childhood. Her father being insane, the care of the girl had been left to her mother, an idle, wicked woman, who did not give Catherine enough food nor clothing. Ragged, hungry, ill-treated, the poor child was an object of pity until her father, in a brief interval, removed her from her mother's charge and sent her to a convent to be educated.

It was largely on account of this nineteen-year-old girl that France, in 1415, was invaded by an English army. Henry swept all before him. The French opposed him at Agincourt, and are said to have outnumbered his army by ten to one. Yet he won a great victory, crushing the national pride of France. A second invasion ended even more triumphantly. The French, utterly overwhelmed, begged for peace. The terms Henry granted were unheard of in their exorbitance. First and foremost he demanded the hand of Catherine. Then Charles, at the latter's death as ruler of France, he should succeed crazy King Charles at the latter's death as ruler of France. In the mean time he was to govern the realm as regent.

He married Catherine and took her back to England with him in triumph. Her fatherland's fall was the price of her hand. And her husband had brought about that fall. She and Henry were married, and early in 1421 she was crowned Queen of England. The next December the couple's only son (known to history as Henry VI.) was born. Few children have started life with such prospects. For he was heir to the combined thrones of France and England. A few months later Henry V. and Catherine went again to France. There, when only thirty-five years old, Henry died. Catherine brought her little son back to England. There, on crazy King Charles's death, the boy was crowned, while still in his cradle, King of England and of France. But he lacked his father's genius and inherited some of his grandfather's, old King Charles's, insanity. As a result, he was destined to lose both kingdoms and to die in prison.

Catherine, though she had apparently returned her husband's adoring love, was quickly consoled for his death. She secretly married a Welshman, Owen Tudor. The anger of the court over this marriage caused her to pine away and die at the age of thirty-six. She and Owen Tudor had two sons. The elder of these (the Earl of Richmond) became later the father of Henry VII., who founded the Tudor line of kings in England.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



OF course every woman knows that the man she loves is a brute—but unfortunately that is one of the reasons why she loves him.

The kind of woman who holds a man's devotion forever is like a silky, self-satisfied angora cat who takes her petting as a matter of course, never returns it, and never gets on his nerve by asking for more.

It isn't so much a man's sins and failings but the air of conscious pride with which he accepts her comments on them that a woman can't forgive.

Every man honestly believes that franchise in the hands of a woman is like a loaded gun in the hands of a small boy—utterly useless and sure to do damage to somebody.

That will be a great novel in which the author can make the man who owns the machine as fascinating as the chauffeur.

Wad some power the gifle gie us to see ourselves as men's mothers see us—but it wouldn't make us happy.

Transporting Big Shows.

By Charles Belmont Davis.

A COMPANY was formed to produce on the road a New York musical comedy success of the previous season. It was by no means a second-class organization—the comedian was paid \$20 a week, the second comedian \$10, the subtrite \$5. The chorus men received \$15 a week, the lowest salary paid any of the sixty-five members of the company, and the chorus girls \$15 a fair salary several years ago when this tour was made. They were on the road forty and a half weeks, actually travelled thirty-six thousand miles and played over seventy one-night stands. Most of the travelling was done at night, and in only a very few instances when the "jump" was over a day were there sleeping cars attached to the train.

While doing the one-night stand the entire company slept in the common cars at night, and although the principals sometimes went to hotels in the daytime, the chorus men and women slept either in the train or at the theatre. The amount of money paid out to the railroads by such a company is enormous, especially if it is necessary to carry several cars of scenery and effects. The regular charge is twenty-five cents a mile for each baggage or scene car and two cents per capita for each member of the company. The cost of transporting a show like "Ben Hur," which carries two hundred and ten people and nine carloads of scenery from New York to Chicago, would be considerably over six thousand dollars, and about one-fourth this sum to Boston.—Outing Magazine.

No Man Can Live to Himself.

By President Woodrow Wilson (Princeton University).

MAN does not choose his parts in life separately and individually in our day, as they did in the days of our fathers. The men are becoming rare now who have business of their own, undertaken upon their own individual capital and built up and conducted independently upon their own responsibility. Professional men are rare who rise to the top of their profession without attaching themselves more or less intimately to institutions or corporations of some sort—doctors to hospitals, lawyers to great corporate undertakings, men of science to the great enterprises in which science is applied. Each man finds himself a small part of some great whole, whose operation is decided by votes taken about long tables in directors' rooms, whose morals are composite morals, a compromise combination of what the material interests of the body dictate and what the enterprise of its managers suggest, the character of every man who participates being merged in the general compound.—Leslie's Weekly.

Romance of a Glasgow Boy.

FORTUNE, we are told, only knocks at a man's door once in a lifetime, and if refused admittance passes by, never to return again. The saying is belied, however, by the career of George McCulloch, a Glasgow boy, who arrived in Australia just under sixty years ago, with less than \$5 in his pocket, and who died the other day a millionaire. This is how Mr. McCulloch threw away his first chance of acquiring a fortune: One night, sitting in a tiny shanty at the foot of the Broken Hill mine, soon after its discovery, he played a game of euchre with a companion, his stake being the fourteenth share of the mine itself. He lost, and the share which thus passed out of his hands was, six years later, worth no less than \$250,000.



"Hey, Bill, look wot de kid calls his laundry!"

"Say, Mister, wot'll yer charge ter paste dis grip all over wld foreign labels? I want de kids ter tink I've been ter Europe."

A Few of the Best.

"SPEAKING of horses," said the English tourist, "what nation has bred you to consider the best in the country?" "Oh, we have so many to choose from it would be difficult to name the best," replied the American. "Among others, we have the saw horse, the clothes horse, and the political dark horse."—Chicago News.

A Not Uncommon Role.

SENATOR GILCHRIST, discussing in Albany his Insurance bill, said of speculation: "Speculative features, uncertainties, ought to be removed from our life as much as possible. 'When I think of speculation, I think of a man I know. 'This man, a conservative, suddenly took to stock gambling. At the end of a flurry I met him one afternoon and said: 'Well, were you a bull or a bear to-day?' 'Neither,' he answered, giving me a sour smile. 'I was an ass.'"

Had Been Attended To.

A N Italian went up to the Civil Service Commission's rooms in the Federal Building the other day to be examined for a laborer's position. He answered most of the questions correctly. Finally they asked him if he had ever been naturalized. He seemed a bit puzzled, but at last his face lit up. "Ah, I know what you mean, Scratcha de arm. Yes, last week."